CARMEL LIBRARY

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
WEDNESDAY
SEPTEMBER 5 1928
FIVE CENTS

VOLUME I NUMBER 30

Harrison Memorial Library
Box 537

NO PROTEST!

A second and final reading was given to the budget and the taxes were fixed at $1.30 per $100 for the coming year. No protest was made against the library tax.

John B. Jordan was granted sixty days' leave of absence "out of the City and out of the State." Ex-Mayor Jordan is going to Europe.

The Council adjourned till the 11th when it will meet to hear a very lengthy Zoning Ordinance submitted by Consultant Cheney. It will hear protests to the proposed paving of San Carlos the week after.

The Planning Commission, which met earlier in the afternoon with Mr. Cheney drew up and discussed a Zoning and Building Ordinance but did not pass upon it.

A PAINTING TO SEE THROUGH

In making the above X-ray photograph, the picture was laid flat on a large film, 14x18 inches and hard X-rays such as are used in making photographs of the human body were projected through the picture and the wooden panel on which it was painted fixing the image on the film as a "positive." A print corresponding to the usual photographic "negative" was made from the film and this was used in making the cut, which is about one-fourth the size of the original.

Only the metal bases of the paints cast shadows, which show the brushwork with great clearness. The wooden panel was as transparent to the X-rays as glass is to sunlight. "Softer" or less penetrating X-rays would be partly stopped by wood and make shadows on the film.

The transparency of substance to X-rays can be calculated upon the basis of the intensity of the radiation, the atomic weight, atomic number and other physical features. Wood being composed principally of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, all of low weight, is more transparent than the metals of high atomic weight which are used in making paints.

—D. T. MacDougal.

(Dr. MacDougal's longer article "Seeing Through Paintings" appeared in our issue of last week, page two.)

"STILL LIFE" by PAUL DOUGHERTY PHOTOGRAPHED BY X-RAYS

FORGETFULNESS

Stranger than remembering,
Stronger is forgetfulness,
Softening and making less
Every sharp and precious thing.

If the rebel thirst had burned
After springs too beautiful,
Imperceptibly it learned
How to drink the bitter pool.

If there is a room that must
Not be entered any more,
Comes the soft and gradual dust
Drifting down behind the door.

Surer than remembering,
Surer is forgetfulness,
Shuts the window in the spring,
Lays away the silver dress.

—Ellen Janson Browne.

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK

The Sunset School opened yesterday and the pupils were delighted with the improvements.

* * * *

"Sally's" was robbed on Monday night of the receipts of the week-end. The culprit entered through the window, and evidently was familiar with the location of the money.

No clues at all.

* * * *

At the meeting of Carmel business people to discuss the matter of appointing a night watchman no action was taken, there being not enough interested victims.

* * * *

Mr. Kuster is at work endeavoring to collect the $3000 necessary to keep open the doors of the Golden Bough.

IS CARMEL THE VILLAGE DOOMED?

Well, what if it is? Let the town go to hell in peace. Anyway how does anyone know it is going to hell? The place is all right and all that is necessary to make you feel that way about it is to think it loud and long. The thing that attracted people to Carmel, the physical environment, is much the same as it was twenty years ago. The artificial development has changed for better or worse, but there again it is a matter of personal preference. The works of man are less enduring than those of nature; change is unavoidable and it is a waste of time and energy to moan about it. The worthy autochthones and their allies of the rose colored glasses are about as futile in their romantic longings as Madison Grant is over his departing Nordics.

The fact is that the strain of ancient striving Carmelites is surely being adulterated by the dominant bourgeoisie which is swarming over the land in ever increasing numbers. The town has become theirs. Their automobiles have ruined the lanes and drowned the Song of the Abalone. Their homes have crowded out the pine trees and discouraged the birds and coyotes. Their slender ankles must have sidewalks and their sense of decency demands a sewer. Have I said "their," well, I mean "our." Yes, by the Sea, I mean "Our." But Carmel has been made safe for Art. There are more artists here now than ever before. Artists have gone from Carmel to find success as they had to do. Successful ones have returned as they wanted to do. There are probably more liters of atmosphere per inhabitant now than ever before.

But the white-haired boys of the halcyon days have dyed their beards black, become grim and serious, forgotten the free Nordic spirit, and started to work. The real trouble with Carmel is that it is working — and being worked. The Nordics have had to go to work to compete, just to be able to remain in the land of their choice.

It is a shame, but sewers and streets and governments and crime waves and all the bric-a-brac of life in a city, sixth class, must be paid for.

Now the viking rulers of our freebooting days are horned indeed, for Carmel has run off with a new lover. Furs, night clubs, sidewalks and motor cars have captured this Venus. The viking rulers have as much chance to keep Carmel in pasture as Emperor Norton would have to stage a comeback in San Francisco.

Carmel is just an idea—out of date. Carmel is as many ideas as there are people who have thought about the place. And they are all true. In other words everything is here that ever was here. The sea, the hills, the trees, Point Lobos, pine smoke, flowers, the mid-night land breeze, the fragrance of the chaparral, and the people—for it's the crowd that makes the party. Plenty of people of all kinds, enough and diversified enough to make any kind of a party. Everybody should come to the party and remember how to play and not forget to pay—a little. And then what of it if the black-beards slip over a street or a sewer now and then? There are ways of improving the town and riding the progress goat that aren't so bad after all. If you are a hard-shelled fundamentalist and simply won't walk on the pavement, you may turn banderlog and take to the trees. However, the local romanticists should remember the Blue Bird and be careful not to let their romantic longing for the past cheat them out of a good time at the party.

—David T. Prince.

The City . . .

ATTENTION CITY PLANNERS ONCE MORE!

Dr. James G. Sharp, who is on the City Planning Commission of Palo Alto, was down over the week-end and had something to say about the City Planning of Carmel. He thought it a great pity that the beautiful natural features of the region, which should be the first to be taken into consideration by City Planners, had been ignored in making our network of rectangular streets. "Carmel has this lovely irregular coast-line, the hills and the trees, which might all be considered; but the streets might still be made to go zig-zag, following the coast-line," he remarked.

The Library . .

"THE CLEAN HANDS SHELF"

Miss Goodfellow, Librarian at the Harrison Memorial Library, has received some beautifully bound and illustrated editions of children's books. Many of them are old favorites. Miss Goodfellow says she is sure she can trust Carmel's children to respect these books by taking them only when they have clean hands and treating them so that others can enjoy their beauty too.

The list includes:

The Boy's King Arthur. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth

Eugene Field's "Poems of Childhood" illustrated by Maxfield Parrish

Arabian Nights, illustrated by Maxfield Parrish

Rip Van Winkle, illustrated by Art Rackham

The Pied Piper of Hamlin, illustrated by Kate Greenaway

Heidi, illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith

Robin Hood, Peter Pan, A Child's Garden of Verses, Pilgrim's Progress, Grimm's Fairy Tales, Westward Ho!, Ivanhoe, The Talisman.

THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

September

5 **Informal meeting**—of Carmel P. T. A. at house of Helen Deusner.

9 **Divine Services**—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a.m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a.m.

8-9-10 "The Barker"—at Carmel Playhouse. Repeat performance. 8:30 p.m.

12 **First open meeting**—of Carmel P. T. A. at Sunset School Auditorium, 2:30 p.m., Dr. H. G. Baynes on "The Child versus the World."

Carmel News

"THE CHILD VERSUS THE WORLD"

FIRST P. T. A. MEETING OF THE YEAR

The monthly meetings of the Carmel Parent-Teachers Association begin next Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 12th, at the Sunset School auditorium. Mrs. Helen Deusner is the incoming President, succeeding Mrs. Hester Schoeninger, under whose wise guidance the P. T. A. has functioned for the past two years in a fine and constructive way. The plan of the Association is to have outstanding speakers, experts in their subjects, who will start educational discussions which will be of real and practical help to both parents and teachers.

The Program Committee has made an auspicious beginning in securing Dr. H. G. Baynes, English psychologist, for its first speaker. His subject is "The Child versus the World." In discussing this he says he will try to put himself in the place of a child that has come into this world about which it knows nothing—and to comment on its various reactions to early environment. He will deal with the much discussed question of the importance of self-expression and its relation to discipline—a problem that every educator must face. A child is an individual variation of a traditional type, and whether the tradition wins or the child wins or what sort of compromise is made between the two is the problem of education: the question of freedom versus discipline is the expression of that fundamental conflict.

Dr. Baynes is well qualified to discuss this whole subject. He has definite and well thought out ideas on the problems of life which he expresses in clear and beautiful English. He was trained in general medicine at the University of Cambridge, England, and spent many years as a general practitioner. But his interest has always been in psychological medicine, his thesis for his doctorate being on a semi-psychological problem: "Fear as the Causative Factor in Hysteria." After the

war he gave up general practice and worked in analytical psychology only. First he worked with a Freudian psychoanalyst in London, "But" he says "I was so struck with the poverty of the Freudian point of view, the lack of any philosophy back of it, that I looked for something else; some other explanation; and I found it in Jung." Jung uses the method of psycho-analysis, but his philosophy and his explanations are very different from the Freudian ones. Dr. Baynes went to Zurich and worked with Jung as his assistant for three years. He has translated three of Jung's books, "Psychological Types" which appeared two years ago, and two books of Essays "Contributions to Analytical Psychology and "Two Essays on Analytical Psychology" which are coming out this month, the first with Harcourt Brace, the second with Dodd Mead.

Dr. Baynes had a wide and varied experience in general medicine. He organized cholera hospitals in Turkey during the Balkan War of 1912, and in the late war worked for two and a half years in France with Field Ambulances, at Base Hospitals and in Emergency Hospitals. Then he volunteered to go on "a dangerous expedition of a secret nature" (so the official notice ran), which turned out to be what was later called the "Hush-hush" push of 1917 against the Turks. Dr. Baynes had to deal single-handed with 50,000 refugees, Syrian, Georgian, Armenian; he had to improve and organize hospitals at a moment's notice in Persia to deal with the sick among these refugees.

A year or two ago Dr. Baynes accompanied Jung on an expedition to East Africa to study a native tribe, the Masai.

And all he has experienced, all he has learned and heard and seen, this psychologist has digested, and compared with and investigated in the light of his other knowledge. He is that rare thing among human beings—and rarer still among psychologists—a man who has turned his knowledge into wisdom.

MUSIC SOCIETY BEGINS WORK

On Saturday night, September 8th, the new Board of Directors of the Carmel Music Society meets at Mrs. Blackman's to elect officers and committees and plan for the coming season's activities.

DR. CARL M. WARNER TO PREACH

Dr. Carl M. Warner, of San Francisco, will preach in The Community Church, Sunday at Eleven. Mrs. Ethel Stevens will have charge of the music. A large attendance is expected.

The California Annual Conference of the Methodist Church will meet in Pacific Grove beginning next Tuesday evening, Sept. 11th. Bishop C. W. Burns will preside. The public is invited to most of the sessions of the Conference.

THE ADVERTISING ASPECTS OF BEAUTY

Mr. S. F. B. Morse, president of Californians, Inc. and also president of the Del Monte Properties Company, who has recently returned from a four months tour of Europe urges the restoration and preservation of California Missions and land marks. He writes:

"In France they have learned that beauty pays dividends. Also, they have learned the great value of historical monuments.

"Poor as the French are, they find ample means each year to maintain and even to restore their chateaux and other survivals of their very romantic past. Tourist travel in Europe is paying Europe's war debt. It is the beauty of France and its historical landmarks that attract the tourist far more than anything else. Here in California it occurs to me that we are neglecting one of our greatest assets in not properly restoring and maintaining the missions and other survivals of the Spanish period.

"In Europe they are separated from the interesting period we generally call the feudal, by many hundreds of years, yet evidences of that age are every where apparent. Here in California we are removed from just as different and just as interesting a period by only the span of one man's lifetime, and yet the very beautiful survivals of that period are going to dacay and are disappearing. I refer particularly to our missions.

"I know of no better investment that the state could make than to appropriate sufficient funds to preserve these historical monuments. What is true of France is also true of Spain and England. We Americans are supposed to lead the world in business acumen, but in appreciating the dollars and cents values of these particular things, we are far behind the parent countries.

"Another thing that impressed me in Europe was the adoption of the daylight saving law. Everywhere they have daylight saving. Incidentally, this is true of our great eastern centers, such as New York and Chicago. I fail to understand why we do not adopt it in California, particularly as we claim that California is the great playground of the world. It doesn't seem logical for us to stay in bed for an hour or two after the sun is up and stay up for an hour or two after the sun is down, when we could make a more reasonable day by simply changing the clock one hour. In Europe they thoroughly appreciate that extra hour of daylight and the chance it gives for more golf, tennis and outdoors."

CHILDREN'S STORY HOUR

The tales told the children at the Children's Story Hour by Miss Wilhelmina Harper last week included A Tale From Timbuctoo, Why the Chimes Rang, Why Pigs have Curly Tails, and the Gunniwolf.

Personal Bits . .

Miss Jeannette Overton Campbell was in Carmel over the week-end. She came from Los Angeles, working for Hoover.

* * * *

Haskell Warren, bus driver to the Highlands, has resigned from his job. He has been engaged as a plumber in Pacific Grove—a permanent job.

* * * *

Ann Dare and Peter Davis have returned from Los Angeles where they have been attending the concerts at the Hollywood Bowl.

* * * *

Several distinguished out of town guests are in Carmel this week. Paul Dougherty, marine painter, whose works hang in the great art galleries of this and other countries is here visiting his friend Dr. D. T. MacDougal. Mr. and Mrs. Theron Cooper of the Walden Bookshop, Chicago, are staying with the Lincoln Steffens.' Mr. Harrison Williams, pianist, has come from Los Angeles for a brief stay at Pine Inn.

* * * *

Laidlaw Williams was down from Berkeley for the week-end.

* * * *

Dentists invaded La Playa once more over the week-end. Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Suggett and Dr. and Mrs. Jim Sharp, came to rest from the drill on Carmel's sunny strand.

* * * *

Into the Gala Performance on Friday night came Jimmy Hopper all dressed up in a stiff collar. He had but just returned from San Francisco where he bought a car for his second daughter Marian who is teaching school at Grissly Flats.

* * * *

Marguerite Schuyler and daughter Greta left Carmel for Los Angeles last Friday, for good.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Roberts Anderson are in Carmel for two weeks. They are from Menlo Park and Mrs. Anderson is interested in starting a nursery school there. She spent some time at Mrs. Breinig's school in Monterey getting tips. Mr. Anderson was attached to the War Trade Board in Stockholm after the war, and met there Lincoln Steffens on his way to Russia with the Bullitt Mission.

* * * *

Blanche Sweet of Hollywood, wife of Micky Neilan and popular motion picture actress is at Hotel Del Monte for a week. She is an old friend of Lucita Squier.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams are leaving Carmel on Saturday for a fortnight on Struthers Burt's ranch in Wyoming, and then New York. They have been entertained all this week by their sorrowing friends.

People . . .

The Highlands were very gay over the week-end.

On Saturday last a brilliant affair took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Criley at Carmel Highlands. It was an Immigrant Ball and all the guests came in Immigrant costume. At the door they were asked many searching and intimate questions. Those that survived were allowed to stay to the supper at little tables and the dancing which went on far into the morning.

Among the guests were Mrs. and Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams, Blanche Sweet, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. James, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Flavin, Jimmie Hopper, Senior and Junior and daughter and son-in-law, Marcella Burke, Col. and Mrs. Baer, Dr. and Mrs. D. T. MacDougal, Rhys and Lucita Williams, and many others.

* * * *

On Sunday the Martin Flavins had a party to celebrate, we understand, their wedding anniversary and after dinner the guests repaired to Pebble Beach Lodge and danced.

On Sunday also Dr. D. T. MacDougal and Mrs. MacDougal gave a delightful informal dinner at Peter Pan Lodge in honour of Paul Dougherty the marine painter and his wife of two weeks, the former Miss Paula Gates. At the dinner were Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams and Laidlaw Williams, and Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Steffens.

Paul Dougherty spent last winter in Arizona at Tucson. He had been, previous to that, on a big game hunting expedition in Africa with Ralph Pulitzer of the New York 'World,' and Mr. Otto Kahn. We remembered having run into him at the Petit Trianon in Paris in company with Mahonri Young and Jo Davidson. Mr. Dougherty's work hangs in most of the galleries of America including the Metropolitan Art Museum. He is going to stay in Carmel about a month and do some painting at Point Lobos.

SEEN ON OCEAN AVENUE

Dr. Kocher walking. People must be very healthy just now.

* * * *

Mr. Curtis sucking an ice cream cone.

* * * *

Mrs. Williams asking the Meat Market for a trombone instead of a T-Bone. (So impressed was she with Mr. Fenton Foster's Glee Club.)

* * * *

Laidlaw Williams looking conceited.

* * * *

Janie Johnston with her hair washed again. My, that girl is extravagant. Maybe she just wants to prove that there is sun in Carmel after all.

* * * *

George Seideneck carrying pictures into the Court of the Seven Arts.

* * * *

Bert Heron with his hat turned down (all around).

* * * *

Quite a lot of people walking. (With the end of the fog they thought maybe they could afford a lick and polish to their cars.)

* * * *

No dog in Mr. Watson's car. Moreover, a smile on Mr. Watson's face and that although he has the entire responsibility of the printing of these girls' paper on his shoulders.

* * * *

Robinson Jeffers in the Public Library getting "Peveril of the Peak" to read to his boys.

* * * *

An assistant in the Post Office not making a mistake.

* * * *

Mr. Dickinson walking home in the moonlight with—Mrs. Dickinson. (Sorry. We'll try and do better next time.)

* * * *

Jose not grinning (with an old brown derby.)

* * * *

Mrs. Bathen not chasing a golden bow-wow.

TRUST CARMEL

Dr. George L. Bean was going to come down last week-end with his family. He had booked rooms at the La Playa. He was going to play golf. He is a great golfer and he was going to play golf at Pebble Beach and watch golf at Del Monte and play golf.

Then he got cold feet. "What's the use? he said "It'll only be cold and foggy and disagreeable. Carmel is always cold and foggy. I wouldn't get any golf. It wouldn't be pleasant if I got it. I won't go. Cancel my reservations. Carmel is always foggy."

So he cancelled his reservations and cancelled his golf and stayed in San Francisco and probably played on some foggy city or just-out-of-the-city links.

And we had glorious sunshine and we laughed, oh how Carmel laughed and the sun laughed at all the Beans.

TO H. F. D.

My good friend informs me that I think too much.

My good friend doubtles assumes that an artist must be above all else a student of art.

An artist may be of contemporary value as a student of art. An artist, to be of value to posterity must be primarily a student of life and his creations an accurrate, historic record of his time, and yet my friend informs me that I think too much! Does he mean that I dare not hope that I may linger yet a while upon this mundane sphere though "You, Oh Saki. . . . . .turn down an empty glass?" Or is the study of life one to be acquired with such ease and facility as is evidenced when fishes learn to swim.

And now, my good friend, I shall end this writing, for I must get to work and thing.

D. A.

again!

SAT.-SUN.-MON.

"Show about show-folk."

"THE BARKER"

Life of carnival troupers with none of the raw edges thinned down.

COLORFUL — REALISTIC
DRAMATIC ** THRILLING

A fine show which deserves a repeat performance!

Carmel Playhouse

GOLDEN STATE THEATRE

Telephone: MONTEREY 1500

Wednesday, Sept. 5th
NORMA SHEARER in
"THE LATEST FROM PARIS"

Thursday, Friday, Sept. 6th and 7th
THOMAS MEIGHAN in
"THE MATING CALL"

Saturday, Sept. 8
"HOLD 'EM YALE"
with ROD LA ROQUE

Sunday, Sept. 9th
"WHY SAILORS GO WRONG"
ROMIG AND DAVIS MUSICAL COMEDY COMPANY

Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 10-11
MARION DAVIES in
"THE PATSY"

E. C. HOPKINS AT THE ORGAN

The Theatre . . .

GALA PERFORMANCE

If only the Theatre Guild and others who love the Golden Bough would turn out for plays and recitals as they did for Friday night's closing performance, there would be no danger of that famous playhouse being forced to close its doors.

The Galloping Gala may have occasionally eased down to a trot, it may have shown evidences of insufficient rehearsal and incoherent arangement, but these defects were covered by the heartfelt enthusiam of the largest audience which has flowed into the theatre since Jane Addams. (Largely due to Lita Bathen's amazing organizing ability).

The revue, originated by Zahrah Lee Koepp, and directed by Arthur Cyril, ran a generous gamut from the broad satire of Christopher Morley's "Rehearsal" to the æstheticism of a Light Symphony (beautifully directed by Hazel Watrous and Peter Friedrichsen), interspersed with bits from the season's plays, and a running stream of good jazz by George Easton's Orchestra.

First came the Emperor Jones, in which Roger Sturtevant did his excellent devil dance and was competently shot by Billy Shepard; then Bill Titmas repeated from "To The Ladies" the pseudo-political speech from the Banquet Scene. Samuel Ethridge of the rich baritone led the Carmel Glee Club in a bit from the Cator-Newberry opera "Princess of Araby;" Wendy Green spoke beautifully and looked lovely in a scene from "Herod." Tommi Thomson and Bill Titmas, two of Carmel's best comedians, repeated with great success their love-scene from "Ten Nights in a Bar-room."

During the Intermission Elliott Durham made a graceful speech in appreciation of the year's work under the management of the Misses Denny and Watrous, who each received a basket of flowers, a tribute from a grateful audience.

The last half opened with Frances Montgomery (Monte) in a group of her clever and original pianologues, of which the audience never seemed to get enough. Suzanne is a delightful tale. Laura Lois January represented the dance from Los Angeles, Mary Ingels and Eddie O'Brien from Carmel (in a tango). Mrs. Bruce McDaniel came down from San Francisco to sing, Mrs. Stevens played several popular violin solos, and all the gown-shops in Carmel sent their best to be shown off by the beauty chorus of Carmel. The song at the end we liked, but we should have heard more of it. And we liked Arthur Cyril's dog too.

CARMEL GALLOPING TO THE BOW-WOWS

TOMMY

The fertile and capable Abalone Leaguers were not up to standard in their recent production of "Tommy;" although the total effect was fair, there were bits that were decidedly poor. In the first place, the whole cast was started at a loss, for "Tommy" at its best is somewhat mild and innocuous in theme, being what is known in the jargon as a "good, clean comedy." There is nothing extraordinary in the trials and tribulations of a family with a marriageable daughter on their hands, although the solution was unique and well carried out.

Jimmy Dignan's portrayal of Tommy was one of the treats of the evening; even the small but important details of walking effectively, and gesticulating discreetly, Dignan accomplished with ease. His transformation into an inebriated and assertive Tommy was a bit of acting not easily to be surpassed.

Hildreth Masten, as Marie Thurber, the young lady in the case, was a delightfully impetuous, spoiled and adorable little girl.

Richard Masten's consistent excellence as Uncle Dave should award him sharing the laurels with Dignan. Masten injected real understanding into a role which was probably the most difficult of the play. So often a "serious" role like his loses its point in colorless droning, not at all the case here, for Masten's delivery was another high-spot of the play.

Mr. and Mrs. Thurber were thankless parts; primarily, it is a hard task to put over a part with which the audience is not in sympathy. It is our opinion that Marian was badly miscast as Mrs. Thurber, while Charles McGrath's version of Mr. Thurber was needlessly over-acted.

Fletcher Dutton, as Bernard, the high-powered salesman and suitor, was adequately funny, even if tinged with over-confidence and flamboyancy.

On the whole, "Tommy" was a fair comedy. Far be it from us to discourage the efforts of the Abalone League, but we all realize that the adage "Consistency, thou art a jewel" could well be applied here. The general insipidness of the plot is probably responsible for the raw spots, and may serve as a lesson in the choice of plays.

Meanwhile, we wish the League success in their forthcoming production of "The Barker." —H. L.

"This is the true joy in life: the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap-heap; the being a force of nature, instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances, complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy." —George Bernard Shaw.

THE CARMELITE

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EDITORIAL BOARD:
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CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:
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Laidlaw Williams, Caroline Blackman
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STAFF ARTIST: Virginia Tooker

Editorials . . .

A CHILD IS BORN

This unimportant publication carried last week a memorandum by a young girl of "Thoughts" which her father, a scientific man, diagnosed as adolescence and sent in to us with a smile for comment. There is no smile in it. It is perhaps the most important thing we have published; at any rate it raises the profoundest issues we have ventured so far to look openly in the face:

What is beyond? How do things end, and how begin? What is knowledge? And, what are we to do with curiosity? Kill it? Or cultivate it?

The young girl who raises these questions, thinks thoughts about them and finds no answers, need not be ashamed or discouraged or lonely or depressed. She has reason to be proud that she dared to write down the wonderings which occur to so many young people and recur so mortally to old people. She should know right away that the wisest men that ever lived have asked these very same questions and have not answered them. They probably are unanswerable, and probably it is best that they should never be answered. Perhaps it is the questions and not the answers that will lift us human beings up off our hands and knees and stand us erect upon the earth.

If such thoughts are symptoms of adolescence, let her father who says so, remember that in the past, in Chaldea, Babylon, Egypt, Greece—in Asia and Europe, his daughter's questionings were the symptoms in wise men of the adolescence of their nations; they were the signs of the birth of philosophy, science, the arts, religions, culture. And, in our day, it is the men and women who ponder such questions and their corollaries, watch for and dig for the answers and will not be put off with words and lies and half truths, but go on questioning, searching and researching—it is those that, like her father, never cease from wondering, like this daughter, who become the leaders of men, the explorers of fact, the prophets of light. But there is a danger ahead for this girl.

The dangers to adolescence, whether of boys and girls or of peoples, await in what we call education and in belief. Becoming tired and depressed by the effort to solve alone and in secret the problems that stir their minds to life, young people and old people give up the labor of thought and inquiry, turn impatiently from the slow progress of knowledge and join groups that agree upon some belief, some short-cut to a settlement of all doubts and worries and so satisfy, emotionally, often ecstatically, the aching void of intelligent ignorance. They kill curiosity, the driving force to mental development, the cause of knowledge, the main spring of poetry and true piety. If we would but cultivate curiosity—

All children have curiosity. It is apparently inborn. It is the gift of God or of the fairies. We parents and teachers might use it to lead the children on to the self-education of their other gifts, their senses, their intelligence, their character and, best of all, their curiosity. Think what men would be if they had learned to be aware definitely, like the scientists, acutely, like this girl, of what we don't know! If they knew what the unsolved problems are of science, the arts, business! The culture of an educated ignorance would beget a civilization that might, for example, provide schools for the development of the curiosity of youth into a still more curious maturity. Our schools, colleges and the atmosphere we surround our children with put off their questions and drown them in the answers to our questions which they do not ask and seldom are led to ask. We quell curiosity, deaden it. We teach and we make it a duty and a discipline for them to learn what we think we know and what we think they should know. It is informational, our education, and the information is misleading and wrong. You can see that in this girl's thoughts. Where did she get the idea that "there has got to be an end to everything." Where did Herbert Spencer get it that made him need a First Cause? It wasn't born in them. A younger child knows nothing of beginnings and endings. The appearance of its first dolly is a surprise, the breaking of it is an astonishment. An infant comes into the world where things merely are and it accepts them as they are. That its chair was manufactured is not known to it and that the chair can be used up and ended is an experience which comes later when the child can hear what grown-ups say about it. Our young thinker of thoughts has seen the end of some (combinations of) things and has concluded that all things must have a beginning and an end. She has been taught that or she has learned—that—error.

Nothing begins or ends, so far as we know. The infant is nearer right. A chair was lumber before it was a chair, before it was lumber it was a tree and before it was a tree it was the elements from which trees are grown. And so, when the chair is broken up or even burned, nothing ends except the form of the chair; it is reduced to the elements out of which it was formed and these go on unending forever—so far as we have been able to find out. So with the other questions in our young philosopher's mind. We cannot answer them. Let her get that confession well into her head and keep it there. We forget it, we grown-ups, but what our children should never forget is that we don't know anything, final; nothing. We have just discovered that our physics, our surest science, is basically wrong somewhere. We have just been told that we don't know what is beyond the beyond. We don't know ourselves; we don't know others; we don't know how to govern a town or a state; we don't know how to make a school. We shall probably have to send our baby boys to be killed in the next war because we don't know how to make peace. What we, the editors, know is that the world is the children's, with all its problems unsolved; that there are some ways to tackle these problems that have been proven by tragic experimentation to be blind alleys: belief, for example, and merely logical thinking. All we have to teach this girl and her generation is what her father knows well: the method of experimentation, the child-like practice of guessing at a theory and then trying it on to see if it works. If he will warn her, daily, of the bunk of the schools and encourage her, daily, that she can take any question in her normal young head and, learning contemptuously what the grown-ups of all the ages have thought and believed about it, form her own theory and test it honestly, and she may not find the answer, but she will become that rare creature, an intelligent woman and, perhaps, a consciously ignorant, unconsciously wise mother of a permanently curious race of men and women who will work and wait for knowledge and never, never seek belief and rest and—death, like the dead and dying people all about her.

* * * *

Now let's run away and play, us grown-ups. It is all right to be serious with youth; they are serious; they have a chance. And the editor has to be serious with them. But among ourselves, us hopeless failures, we can idle and amuse ourselves. The Carmelite will not often offend in this way. We'll keep the children in their place. —L. S.

WHOM TO VOTE FOR

Are you watching the reports of how our great captains of industry are shinnying to their sides in this election? There is a guide in that to how to vote. Keep a list and see which candidate gets the most and the biggest of these leaders of finance and graft, then vote for the other man.

TO OUR READERS

This paper's policy is to print manuscripts, poems, articles, stories, comments, complaints, letters, — anything anyone wants to say that is written so that people will read it. But it must have the name and address of the writer, even if the writer remains anonymous in print. We have now several articles which we cannot return because they came to us either unsigned and with no address or marked only with initials. Some we should publish in abbreviated form if we could consult their authors. We shall endeavour to accept or reject every manuscript submitted to us within two days if such manuscripts are signed.

—Editorial Board.

Correspondence

The following note has been received from the Christian Scientist whom we quoted in our Peter's Paragraph of July 25th:

"It has been my observation, that so called 'authorities' in all human organizations soon become very narrow and dogmatic, very 'touchy,' when their infallibility is questioned. In speaking of certain types of the human mind Mrs. Eddy said: 'The human heart, like a feather bed, needs often to be stirred, sometimes roughly, and given a variety of turns, else it grows hard and uncomfortable whereon to repose.' Miscellaneous Writings, P: 127.

Thanks, dear Carmelite, thanks. Nothing that I have read gives me the joy that your item (in your issue of July 4) about spinach being the bunk does.

For nine years, spinach stared me in the face at every other dinner. "You must eat it, it's good for you," came from the great authority on spinach in our home, and saying nothing about the boy for whom it was brought, she would serve me my ration of the stuff.

Lord! Wouldn't I like to unload my feelings to the fiend that invented spinach. Keep up your good work, excellent journal, and tell we fathers next week that carrots are fit food for gophers only.

—Frank Sheridan.

In your issue of August 8th some sentences were addressed to the writer. One sentence in particular caused some embarrassment, for it was a curt explanation of the fact that I had supposed Mr. D. A. to be a woman.

It is probably in the same sarcastic vein which he exhibited that I am anxious to inform Mr. D. A. through the columns of the Carmelite that I, A. Manus, am a woman and not the "Mr." A. Manus addressed in his letter.

Thanking you in advance for the favor requested, I am

Very sincerely yours,
Adelaide Manus.

Dear Madam:

I have read with much interest articles in the last two issues of "The Carmelite" in which attempts have been made to correlate art and history. The following explains why I believe both gentlemen to be mistaken and why another terminology must be employed.

In the isue of August 1st the argument of "D. A." implies that only art of historic significance is true art and the article of Mr. A. Manus a week later implied that since an artist cannot be other than a product of his time, all art must possess a historic character.

Now I confess that art may possess a certain anthropological quality, but how a historic value can be accredited to art is beyond comprehension. Doubtless what is implied by "historic value" actually means chronological record. Permit me to recall the cast of a wax figure purchased by the Berlin museum in 1910 and accredited to Da Vinci. Later it was discovered that the work was by a Mr. Lucas who lived some three centuries later.

I realize that if this figure did not melt during the World War it may some day serve as evidence of mankind during the period 1500-2000 A. D. or thereabouts. I also foresee the method to be employed in arriving at this conclusion. Through chemical analyses of the tallow used, it will be ascertained that the sheep of a species producing such tallow lived during the period mentioned. In such manner it will be possible to estimate the mental, spiritual, aesthetic and other characteristics of mankind during that period.

Doubtless such work must be recognized as anthropological in character and not historic.

I am, Yours truly,
Louisa Palm.

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS ARE READ

A San Francisco reader sends us this:

One may deduct from the following that henceforward the good ladies of Carmel need be neither homely, nor dirty, nor half-baked:

The Electric Range gives beauty, cleanliness and perfect baking to women who love modern methods.

That is the reason why 1542 of our customers installed electric ranges in their homes from May 1st to June 23rd. While you're downtown, stop in and see the new Electric Ranges.

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC CO.

(From an advertisement in the Carmelite).

In thus advertising its panacea, it would appear that the worthy corporation has committed itself to a somewhat too severe indictment of the feminine half of the Carmel community. Really now, it isn't as bad as all that, is it?

(Yes it is; a man came here last week and took away our souls. —Ed.)

WHAT THEY SAY OF THE CARMELITE

I am enclosing my cheque for the Carmelite. One thing is certain, you will have more fun playing with it than a baby with his best toy—so you can't lose.

* * * *

One thinks the next number can't be more interesting—and then it is.

* * * *

They run one subject to death.

* * * *

Very meaty.

* * * *

From San Francisco reader: I think it is a very interesting thing you are doing with the Carmelite.

* * * *

A very clever paper.

* * * *

I marvel at your energy and ingenuity the way you keep the paper growing and, what is more important, improving from week to week.

* * * *

From a Santa Barbara reader:

I enjoy the Carmelite immensely. M. D. copped one and raved about it.

* * * *

I sent your article on Lindsey to J. C. He is a lawyer but perhaps not too far gone to realize the other person's point of view. It is most useful to have in print correct statements about people who are being reviled for political purposes.

A COMPREHENSIVE CRITICISM

From a Baltimore reader:

I like the Carmelite very much. I liked very much Steffens' article on Marland and his art projects. Most artists seem to be so utterly unable to see that one can look at the matter also from the point of view expressed in that article. I think Steffens puts it across excellently.

I also like Peter's Paragraphs, and especially that sentence in your Aug: 8th issue. . ."and the person who does know can almost not communicate with us any more." One has to break through so many cliches to put a new idea before people's minds.

I did not like the article on high blood pressure; to explain Charles V by high blood pressure is a bit strong. Also I did not like "Concerning Keyserling" in the Aug. 24th issue. Keyserling is really a false alarm. I am looking forward to your Orage issues. I used to get a great deal from him in his New Age days. That was before his Gourdjieff development.

I think your paper should become a national weekly.

Peter's Paragraphs

ON MOBS

Ever face a mob? It is terrifying, even a friendly mob is a fright. Listen. After a "reception" by a crowd of the Olympic athletes at the Liverpool St. Station in London, when the people merged into a mob and swept past the guards upon the champions, one of the athletes, Lord Burghley said:

"What a reception! I have never seen anything like it. It almost frightened me. I would rather face a hundred world champions than a crowd like this."

Eugene V. Debs always shuddered when he spoke of a mob. "I never saw one that was against me, my experience has been always with mobs that were on my side. They were awful. When I was got out of jail after my first big strike in Chicago a crowd of thousands met me, they surged upon me, seized me and, lifting me up, passed me from hand to hand over their heads. I was safe, of course, but I was afraid. I was afraid as of a beast, for those men that bore me aloft, they all looked alike, they all stared in the same direction, and their eyes were not the eyes of men, but of animals. They smelt like a beast, too. I would search the eyes of some one of them as I passed along helpless above their heads, I sought a friendly, a human glance from one of them; I seemed to want to separate one from the maniac mass. I thought of what would happen if they encountered an obstacle, a cordon of police, and I wanted a friend, one friend. And I did melt one or two for a second; yes, and I got a look of love—love. But I passed on, the one sank in the sea of faces, the waves of fists, the solid mass. And that odor of hate, the smell of animal ferocity. No, I never want to get that again."

* * * *

A well-known School Director in New York says children do not write plays first. They first make the dialogue, alter it, and rehearse, alter and rehearse. Fola La Follette, teaching in the Town and Country School in N. Y. told us the same thing. She said her twelve-year-old pupils did not write down their dialogue; they rehearsed, improving the speeches for six months: "and I had just made up my mind that twelve-year-olds don't write down the plays they make at all," said Miss La Follette, "when they came to me with the whole thing written out."

Children are natural dramatists, grown up playwrights merely diseased oysters.

* * * *

When they are making a play, children act it out before they bother with words at all. Small children begin by imitating familiar animals, "the shy playfulness of a tumbling kitten, the rhythmic thud of a lumbering elephant, the flying leap of an escaping rabbit... They remain in wordless action until all at once the necessity of further expression produces a grunt or a growl....."

But we spoil this natural dramatic impulse by giving children written plays to act, making them learn parts and think of the words. Then, when it is too late, we try and force actions on them.

"The trouble with many professional actors is that they think it possible to act with voice and face alone."

WHAT THEY SAID BEHIND ORAGE'S BACK

"He's an intellectual Houdini—get out of any knot you tie him in."

"He has the most formless dialectic I've ever encountered."

"Oh I'd like to go along with Orage if only he'd go along. He claims if you follow this method certain powers in another direction will result; maybe so; but I can't follow any ritual: never could do a 'daily dozen'."

"He seems to say one thing at one meeting and deny it at the next. And he brusquely sweeps away all that we have been maturing over years."

"It's all right. He told me it was my duty to live forever!"

"I'd rather do ten bad paintings than appreciate one good Orage lecture. Why does he go on talking? Why doesn't he send them all home?"

"This man's got me all balled up."

"Do you get the wink in his eye? He's just debinking them."

"The fun at Orage's lectures is watching the audience get stripped of all their cherished beliefs,—illusions, religion, soul."

"He's very fair to all questioners."

"He never answers a question straight."

The Youngest Set

Small boy: "How does an engine draw a train?"

Professor of Education, (knowing that you mustn't answer a child's question, but get him to think it out himself and so stimulate his thinking powers etc.): "Well now, how does it?"

Boy: "Oh, easily."

* * * *

"I 'queezed you tight, you can't 'queeze as tight as that 'cos you didn't be strong like I haven't."

* * * *

A new bank was opened in Monterey recently. Thirteen children deposited one dollar and over on the first day, signing their own names with their deposits. Alexander Allen was the first client to open an account. Alexander, Helen and Julian Burnett and Peter Breinig were others. Julian Burnett was the thirteenth depositor, and put $13 in the Bank.

Percy had a cold, and had to stay in bed. It was that rare thing in Carmel, a foggy day in August.

Said mother, reasonably sure of her Carmel Augusts: "You can get up when the sun gets up."

Percy: "But the sun has a cold too."

* * * *

The little boy fell down the stairs and when he got to the bottom called out: "Mummie, am I dead?"

"No darling," she said, "You're not dead."

"Am I going to be?"

* * * *

Mary Barderwick has a habit, of which her parent does not approve, of taking off her shoes and socks just before going out.

The other day she was going to visit her grandmother. Her mother had her all dressed up and ready.

Mary took off a shoe and sock.

Mother looked at her and "Mary—" she began. Mary looked up. "Mummy, this foot can't go," she said in perfect explanation.

* * * *

Pete and Anna were walking along San Antonio when they saw Mr. Guth hidden just around the turn of Seventh.

Said Anna, with British fairness: "Isn't he mean standing there where noone can see him. And you see, Pete, when someone drives along here too fast he'll dart out and arrest them. The traffic cop."

Pete looked up the street. "The trafficop's sorry now," he pleaded, "he won't do it again."

* * * *

Peter Breinig is very busy these days at school. He has not always time to speak the words we arbitrarily lay down as language.

"Plike me!" he calls to his small companions, and they play like him.

* * * *

Shim Newby is busy too. And there are so many things to talk about when you have been away from your mother and Carmel three months. Shim was saying his prayers. "Good Lord deliver us," he whispered, "Mummy, d'you remember the ferry boat?"

WHAT THE CHILD OF 1825 THINKS

I heard a sound,
I looked around,
I couldn't see a thing.
But now I know,
It's truly so!
It was the fairy king!

WHAT THE CHILD OF 1925 THINKS

Oh! something stirred!
I'm sure I heard
A movement of some kind!
Oh, ding bust gosh!
That's lots of bosh!
'Twas my subconscious mind!

—Wilma Shore, age 11
(Child at the Walden School.)

The Movies

THE LAST LAUGH

This film was shown last week at the Golden Bough and we had the opportunity of seeing Emil Jannings in a film made in his own country, before he was lured by the "golden beef-steaks" of Hollywood.

We understand that in the original version there were no subtitles, and of course there was no happy ending, though Mr. Laemmle considered one necessary for his immature American audience. He did at least cover that lapse in taste by a little screed telling us that this was the sort of thing that did not happen in real life; so it wasn't much worse than seeing a farce after a tragedy. One just dissociated the ending from the picture.

But the sub-titles hurt. Jannings' great power is as a psychologist. He, more than any movie actor today, can put over to an audience the actual feelings he is going through, and he does it by touches so subtle, so real, so well-calculated, that we get the effect without knowing how we get it. His whole play in the early part of the film is calculated to give an impression of the importance of a uniform to the "positive self-feeling" of the wearer. It explains the power of an Army over the people, it explains in part the influence of German "Militarism." And so it is offensive both to our intelligence and to Jannings' acting, to be told in a sub-head at the beginning just exactly what Jannings was going to try and put over. It is as if we read in a novel: "Here she spoke wittily for she said. . . ." and then the joke follows.

In spite of the excellent subtlety of it, Jannings' acting is a trifle too sugary—too sentimental: it has been so in all his films. But then the Germans are a sentimental people and he was trained as a German actor.

Jannings told the writer that he spends a week before taking up any new part in living himself into the character, and his films show it. In "The Last Laugh" we feel we have met an authentic doorkeeper, an authentic bank employe in "The Way of all Flesh," an authentic vaudeville stage actor in "Variety." "The Last Command" was not so good perhaps because Jannings could not know how a Russian General would feel during the Revolution. But what he knows he can make us "get," and to come away from a picture of his is to feel our imagination, our sensibility, our pity, increased. Jannings renews one's faith in the possibilities of the screen. —E. W.

The Frenchman, Frans Mesmer, who preached the healing power of magnetism, sold magnets as remedies for headaches and other ills.
He believed it.

The Arts . . .

A CALIFORNIA PAINTER IN HOLLAND

Joseph Raphael, distinguished California painter, etcher, and wood-cutter, lives usually in a small town called Uccle in Belgium. But at present he is in Leiden, the old Dutch University town from which came many of the Middle Age masterpieces of learning. He writes of it in a letter:

"Here is a greeting from the old University city of Leiden once so famous in the Middle Ages as a seat of learning and the printer's arts and the birthplace of Rembrandt. . . The people here retain their characteristics, provincial, solid and Hollandish, while we find other parts, the Hague and surroundings, and Amsterdam, just like any old place, with their pretense, and their luxurious and extreme modernization.

"The great student body is away at the present time, so the aspect of things is a fine old-world city becoming rare indeed. There is a superb Ethnographical museum —the Oriental art is represented in a first class manner. The Japanese prints are complete, for the Hollanders as you know were the first to enter into complete business relations with the Japanese, and brought back such splendid things, and their influence no doubt along with some early Italian or Portuguese missionaries influenced Hokusai etc. There is an oriental garden with tremendously imposing Buddhas, bronzed and golden, in rare Oriental foliage and flowers in the entrance court. The Cabinet of Prints; of course the home of Lucien van Leyden and Rembrandt is well endowed with the rarest and best. The Pilgrim fathers lived here and attended a certain chapel for a long time before departing for America. I must look at the details as I will make an etching either of the interior or the exterior. . ."

Laura Jane Armer, whose photographs illustrate Matthew M. Murphy's "Snake Dance People and Their Country," and whose paintings were exhibited in Carmel two years ago, has this year done a remarkable moving picture of the Navajo Fire Dance, the first ever made by any one.

It is to be shown in New York this fall before the society of Americanists, an international organization meeting this year in America.

An article is to appear in "Arts and Archæology" some time this winter, devoted to Mrs. Armer's study of the Navajos, their sand paintings and ceremonies.

A visit should have
a rest day
a dress day
a press day. —French saying.

A GREAT DIRECTOR

The following has been received from Madam Ann Dare, who has been in Los Angeles with Miss Peter Davis attending the concerts of the Hollywood Bowl (in a letter dated Aug. 17th):

"Think of an audience of thousands being so still that the crickets were noisy! So it was last night at the Bowl while Henri Verbrugghen was directing magnificently Schoenberg's "Verklaerte Nacht." It was the apotheosis of sound. It was so exquisite that it hurt one; elated; and lifted one out of mortality to immortal feelings. Though this is one of Schoenberg's earlier works, I truly believe that his more modern writings could be made as wonderful under the hand of a master director or interpreter. The trouble lies in presentation of the moderns by moderns; the artist seems to pound something into the music making a combination of phrases that are disjointed or noisy, while this man Verbrugghen draws out of the work a quality that is of a new generation, a god-man's mind acting through mortals, the song of the Superman. Nowhere in many many years have I listened to so fine a piece of direction as last night in "Radiant Night." Without doubt, so far, Verbrugghen is head and shoulders above any Director we've heard here. The orchestra was once more alive; vivid; soloists playing as one splendid whole; and we were conscious of the appreciation of the players themselves of being under the baton of one who asks for the best, therefore gets it. Last night's program redeemed the whole season's concerts for us, and with the musical world promising us so much in Goossens next week we are really getting today through Verbrugghen, and are promised tomorrow—music as we know it. Now—let anyone try to play modern music for us. We know that properly understood it has an exquisite soul, begging to be born.

* * * *

About the Schumann-Heink evening Ann Dare wrote:

"The night Schumann-Heink sang the mob of humans—3000 of them—brought so much affection to that Bowl for her that it was overwhelming. It crushed one —oppressed one to leave hills, seats, aisles, every available spot holding a human dynamo sending forth such force. We were back-stage and witnessed her arrival—she certainly has the most gracious manners I've met in years. After all, it takes age to make good wine, rare to the taste, be it of palate or heart.

And these are some pen pictures of the Directors:

Coates—all cuffs and good humor.
Molinari—irritable, jumping, monkey-like from the platform.
Cassala—all 4:4 time with crease in coat, lethargic.
San Juan—perfect type of man who employs a corking tailor and wears his clothes like a Spanish King; a charming personality.

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Our Gardens . .

LOW GROUND COVERS UNDER PINES

By Lester Rowntree.

Miss Bassett has given us a good list of shrubby things to put beneath our ever-present and devouring pines, all of which can be obtained from nearby nurseries.

There are a few low native plants, as well as many taller ones, which when satisfactorily introduced to their new quarters will form a permanent ground cover under the driest and greediest pine.

The best of these is the aromatic Yerba Buena, so common in the more wooded portions of the Seventeen-Mile Drive and along the roads of the Santa Cruz mountains. The trailing stems root at the tips in winter, and soon form a sweet-scented, light green cover almost continuously starred with the small whitish flower.

Vancouveria Nexandra (No, there is no common name) is perhaps a little more difficult to naturalize. This often covers the wooded banks in the region north of San Francisco, and should be more widely grown in Carmel. The flower is graceful and desirable, the shiny leaf alone making the plant worth while.

Dichondra repens is frequently found growing wild under pines of Carmel Highlands. It has a charming little leaf and makes a dense mat. The obscure flower is born close to the ground. D. r. is not really a native, but has been introduced from the tropics and is found in only a few parts of California.

Ajuga and anemone silvestris are two European plants that are proving valuable under pines. Ajuga, low and blue-flowered, forms a dense mat of leaves, which in acid soil turns brown.

The anemone is a gem, but needs to be watered. When happily placed, it travels almost as rapidly as the sheep sorrel, and proves generous with its white blooms. You can get Ajuga at some of the larger nurseries, but the anemone will probably have to be grown from seed obtained from eastern or European seedsmen.

It is always wise to try under our pine trees any plant of rampant nature that becomes a pest under normal conditions. The drawbacks of its new environment will usually subdue it and curtail its growth enough to make of it a useful plant in its home of diluted pine needles. In the benighted past, pine needles were outcasts—things to be thrown away or burned. Now they are fed to the heather tribe, for by this plant family, pine needles are considered the most delectable article of diet.

Doubtless there are many other plants, both indigenous and foreign, that are hankering for a place under our difficult pines. It is simply up to us to find them

by means of experimenting, which, after all, is half the fun of gardening.

WORDS

Americans live by slogans, instead of thinking for themselves, according to Prof. Ira B. Cross, professor of economics on the Flood Foundation at the University of California.

In a talk packed with sarcastic jabs at the mental processes of Americans, Professor Cross declared that if he could write the slogans of the United States he could control the Nation.

"America is a slogan-loving nation of economic illiterates, thinking thoughts that are a century out of date," said the economist. "You can lead people anywhere by slogans, because they require no thinking."

Professor Cross cited specific instances to illustrate his contention that slogans, rather than thought, are the principal force in national life.

"We quote Washington on his slogan of entangling alliances," said Professor Cross, "and never realize that in a century and a half conditions have changed. We don't like to throw away old ideas, and we resent new ones and persecute those who advance them.

"We talk of business in government and business men to operate the government, but we never stop to reckon the failures in business and the fact that many business men do not know how to operate their own businesses."

That high wages make high prices is another fallacy, Dr. Cross declared. He produced graphic charts which showed that high wages follow high prices, rather than preceding them. Even the old belief that politics and prosperity go hand in hand was declared to be erroneous by the speaker.

"The party in power does not make prosperity," he said, "and economic reverses are liable to come under any administration, be it Republican, Democratic or otherwise."

BIRDS WAR ON BEARS

Yellowstone Park ravens and magpies evidently never heard of Elisha; at any rate they certainly have no fear of bears. Ranger Thad Pound was making his rounds a short time ago when he noticed a great commotion among a flock of ravens and magpies. Upon investigation he found that the center of the disturbance was a very much distressed she-bear with a pair of cubs, which were receiving the mauling of their lives from the birds' beaks. The cubs were rolled over on their backs, trying to defend themselves with their paws, while the mother was hard put to it to shield her lustily bawling offspring.

The occasion of the battle was the carcass of a winter-killed elk, on which the birds had evidently been feasting. Interrupted by the bears, they had resented the intrusion and turned to do battle with the uninvited guests. —Science News-Letter.

LINCOLN INN

Wishes to announce that
Mr. and Mrs. John S. Ball of Stockton have taken over the management of the Inn

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Lunches every day except Sunday
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Books . . .

INGROWING PERSONALITIES

John B. Watson, in **The Ways of Behaviorism** (Harper's):

Can an adult change his personality? This is the question most often asked the behaviorist. The answer is yes if he works hard enough. There is no scientific reason why personality cannot be changed. But the practical limits of change are usually narrow indeed. Think of the millions of habits and conditionings set up from infancy to the thirty-year age. Then remember that personality is a cross section of all this organization. Can you change all this in a few short days or weeks? "I am shy. How can I change?" "I am an exhibitionist. Can I overcome it?" "I am afraid of women; I am attracted to them, but when I get around them I am terrified." "I can't lecture. I become afraid every time I get up to speak." "I am quarrelsome and noisy and boastful. What should I do about it?" These are some of the questions. The populace wants to be told some simple trick that will change personality without work.

Theoretically you can change a personality as long as the individual can learn. But as a rule we do not have sufficient control over the life of the individual, even if he were to put himself in our hands, to set up reconditioning processes. Possibly, if we had absolute control over food, sex, shelter, if we had some great reconditioning laboratory where the individual could be brought for a year for rigorous study and experimentation, we might be able to undo for him in a year what home nurture had done for him in thirty years.

But with humans as lazy as they are about themselves, and lacking this experimental set-up, the zebra can as easily change his stripes as the adult his personality.

—Science News Service.

MR. PANAME

A Paris Fantasia

By Sisley Huddleston

Published by Doubleday, Doran and Co.

Though in essence a novel, Mr. Paname is more of a kaleidoscopic fantasy. Mr. Huddleston, an English newspaper man of note, clings to a sketching type of writing, which does not detract at all from the merit of the book, but rather intensifies the color of the different scenes which the author presents.

Paname is a wanderer; and to those who derive so much pleasure from a gypsy experience, it is quite obvious that Paris is the one place where one may wander far, and be well rewarded for the effort. The characters that the roamer meets on his frequent excursions bring up visions of those in "La Boheme," although it would be unjust to say that the author has stolen any of his ideas from that source. Painters, professors, restaurant keepers, dancers, students are all blended in the tale, and are described in a really inimitable style. The plot is rather complicated, and necessarily so, for things move swiftly in the gayer circles of Paris. The momentary incident, the bizarre character that fades into the mob so quickly, the elusiveness of the evening, are all dramatically painted by the author, who is a master in capturing scenes so fleeting.

Romance, yes, for Mr. Paname is of decidedly romantic tendencies. Here again the author catches youth at the crest. Never lingering too long on one theme, the tale bounds joyfully from character to character, from the amusing to the philosophical. While a great many different scenes are presented, the action is always connected and well woven; a difficult thing to do when one considers the diversity of the author's subject matter.

Like all fantasies, there is really no beginning or end to the book. It is a fragmentary account of the high-lights in a part of the life of a young man. There is genuine verve to the story; an unquenchable, buoyant gaiety. Mr. Paname presents Paris in a different manner; there is no sordid element, nor is there a touch of the usual frothy superficiality that abounds in mediocre accounts of that very elusive, but ever charming, city.

By Hartnell Lockridge.

OH, RANGER!—H. M. Albright and F. J. Taylor—Stanford University Press ($2.50). "Oh Ranger!" These two words open ninety per cent. of all conversations in our national parks. The next sentence always ends with a question mark. The Great American Traveler wants to know. And herin, from Superintendent Albright of Yellowstone and from Mr. Taylor, a news gatherer long acquainted with various of our parks, he heceives information. The book is packed with meat, sauced with anecdotes and garnished with clever little black-and-white sketches.

—Science News-Letter.

CAN DEMOCRACY GET A WRONG RIGHTED

Again last week an effort was made to get a pardon for Tom Mooney and W. K. Billings, two men who have been imprisoned eleven years for a crime of which they are innocent. A delegation of prominent San Franciscoans, headed by Frank P. Walsh, the well-known New York attorney, and including the judge who presided at Mooney's trial, the foreman of the jury that pronounced the two men guilty, and the District Attorney of San Francisco waited on the Governor and told him again the facts that are so well-known: that the case was fixed, the two chief witnesses having themselves confessed that they were bribed to perjure themselves on the witness-stand; that the police had sworn to get Mooney because he was a Radical and they didn't like him; that President Wilson sent a Commission of Inquiry after the verdict because he was not satisfied that it was a just one; and still not satisfied, that he used his influence with the governor to commute the death penalty on Mooney to imprisonment for life. (It did not seem to occur to him that if there was doubt about Mooney having committed the crime, life imprisonment hardly resolved that doubt.

Since then the doubt has become a certainty; every member of the jury, most of the police and most of the witnesses have confessed that it was a trumped-up affair. Mooney is still in prison. Sacco and Vanzetti were executed on as flimsy evidence and the government has a record of what legal, State crimes were committed in that case. It is not good for the people of a great democracy to hear of them. But in England recently a man who had been convicted on circumstantial evidence was set free, and given compensation: and the agitation to set him free followed on the Sacco-Vanzetti outrage. England is learning from America faster than America is learning from herself.

The Governor of California has it in his hands now to set right a great wrong. The Governor alone has this power. The people of California can do no more than put the facts before him. And then wait, and hope, and pray, that the Governor cares for justice as much as some politicians care for votes.

Meanwhile the years roll on. Eleven years in prison.

* * * *

Fremont Older, one of our contributing Editors and Editor of the San Francisco Call, who went on this delegation to the Governor, writes us:

"Frank Walsh made a very powerful presentation of the case to Governor Young, in fact he stripped all the witnesses out of the case entirely, leaving nothing whatever on which to base even a charge of misdemeanor against either Mooney or Billings.

"At the finish of his statement Judge Griffin, who tried Mooney, corroborated everything that Walsh said and made some rather peppery remarks. . . . . .

"Andrew Furruseth went with us to the Governor and got quite worked up over Walsh's talk. . ."

When two women talk they say nothing; when one woman speaks she reveals all of life.

* * * *

Every seed is a longing.

* * * *

Should you really open your eyes and see, you would behold your image in all images.

And should you open your ears and listen, you would hear your own voice in all voices.

Poems . . .

BIRTH - DUES

Joy is a trick in the air; pleasure is merely
contemptible, the dangled
Carrot that leads to market or precipice;
But limitary pain—the rock under the
tower and the hewn coping
That takes thunder at the head of the
turret —
Terrible and real. Therefore a mindless
dervish carving himself
With knives will seem to have conquered
the world.

The world's God is treacherous and full
of unreason; a torturer, but also
The only foundation and the only foun-
tain.
Who fights him eats his own flesh and
perishes of hunger; who hides in the
grave
To escape him is dead; who enters the
Indian
Recession to escape him is dead; who falls
in love with the God is washed clean
Of death desired and of death dreaded.

He has joy, but joy is a trick in the air;
and pleasure, but pleasure is contemp-
tible;
And peace; and is based on solider than
pain.
He has broken boundaries a little and
that will estrange him; he is monstrous,
but not
To the measure of the God. . . But I
having told you—
However, I suppose that few in the world
have energy to hear effectively—
Have paid my birth-dues; am quits with
the people.

—Robinson Jeffers.

(Courtesy of "Poetry")

INDIAN GIRL SCIENTIST SAVES LEGEND OF RACE

(Descendants of the Indians who occupied Massachusetts when the Pilgrims landed still survive in haunts near their ancestral home. The following story tells how an Indian girl has learned some of their legends that white anthropologists have never been able to pry out of the secretive Indians:)

With the battering down of the last outpost of the Indian settlements during King Philip's War the dwindling remnants of Indians sought refuge on the desolate moors on the extreme end of the Island of Kapawok, "The land covered with clouds," as it was known to them, the Martha's Vineyard of today.

In the picturesque but barren uplands of Gay Head they retreated to secure peace and liberty from the encroachments of the land-seizing whites. Little known to the outside world, happy in their fishing and seafaring life, they have evaded the prying interests of investigators who have hitherto remained ignorant of the meaning of their legends. Sedulously refusing to communicate legendary secrets to the questions of the white aliens their reserve has been at last penetrated by one of their own race, a young Indian girl, Gladys Tantaquidgeon, who has just returned from Gay Head with a host of treasure of legend and folk-lore to be woven into a scenic epic which, like a tapestry, will depict the primeval age when the giant God, Mashap, created and formed the land; directed the activities of his children, the Indians, and ruled the storms and waves of the southern coast of Massachusetts, where since his day so many craft have gone down beneath his wrath.

Miss Tantaquidgeon is a Mohegan Indian. The old Indians at Gay Head are a branch of the Wampanoags, the tribe that under King Philip so strenuously opposed the Pilgrims. They welcomed the Indian girl and loosened their tongues in her behalf.

Miss Tantaquidgeon is a student at the University of Pennsylvania in the Department of Anthropology. She is expecting to produce a connected cycle of episodes in the native legend of the Massachusetts Indians that will enable comparisons to be made with similar narratives already recorded from the Indians of Maine and Canada and the Algonquin of the Great Lakes region.

The story of Mashap is one to compel thoughtful admiration. The hero, a mighty giant, appears from the north; could this be a memory of former relationship with the famous Tarratines or Wabanaki of Maine whose legends are already known? Mashap's career begins with a wife. He attacks the leviathans of the sea; he cooks them as one would a trout; he carves out the contour of the land; he isolates the islands; he dominates the Indians and bestows upon them the means of life; his wrath is so powerful that it moves the elements, raising the storms; his voice is in the shrieking winds and raging surf. Like most legendary transformers he still dwells in some haunted locality in the territory of the tribe. His home is now beneath the cliffs facing the ocean on the southern coast of Martha's Vineyard where he rules the destinies of seafarers and lives in the memory of his people as the ruler of the elements and a supernatural force manifesting himself in various byways as well as on the cliffs, in the fog at sea, and in the swamps. Mashap is a cyclops with one great eye, his realm is the night. An imaginative mind might see in the story a figurative representation of the sun and moon, but conclusions cannot be drawn as to the meaning of this Massachusetts Indian epic until the thirty odd episodes have been tabulated and studied by their collector. Perhaps a new version of earlier history and migration of the Massachusetts tribes will be possible to science when the task shall have been completed.

Instead of leaving Miss Tantaquidgeon nothing more than a host of place names in the geography of the state, through the help of the Indians, Massachusetts will perpetuate a monument in their native literature, built up at the last moment.

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Politics . .

FOOLING THE PEOPLE

This comes in a letter from THE WOMEN'S HOOVER INDEPENDENT LEAGUE:

"KNOW YOUR TAMMANY"

No, I do not think Tammany Hall is the only corrupt political organization or that New York has a monopoly of civic vice. But it does seem to some of us that the difference is somewhat that of a tumor on the body politic, common to large cities especially; and that Tammany Hall represents the civic tumor in an advanced stage of malignancy, to use a medical term and is infecting adjacent tissue ominously. Non-malignant tumors may be present in the system for years, and if they are quiescent, are neither serious nor painful. But once the growth enters the active stage of development, in extent and in malignancy, the organism is in a bad way. Tammany Hall seems to some of us a menace of unparalelled proportions and civic disease. Women may not discriminate between the more or less importance of what appear to be moral issues in government: but when such an organization as Tammany Hall seeks the control of government, we are apt to see red."

Of course Tea-pot Dome leaves one a placid unmoved pink.

A lady from Los Angeles called and asked us to vote for Hoover because he would enforce prohibition. "I am a violent Democrat" said this lady, "But we must see that the Prohibition Law is carried out."

We waited till she had finished, and then, very politely, we started.

We told her that in Europe, with all the wine we wanted for twelve cents the bottle, we had never cared to drink it; that we hated whiskey, gin and bitters; but that in America we had a craving for—any drink. We told her that youth was drinking more here than in any other country. We told her that neither Hoover nor any other President nor any other man in the world could enforce by law what man was not ready to have enforced. We told her about the police and the welcome graft they got out of Prohibition. We talked for half an hour, eloquently, convincingly, logically, gently, and fiercely, and sweetly. The lady rose. "I am sure the Republicans are a bad party," she said "and I couldn't have believed that I would ever be voting for them. But one has to—for Hoover stands for Prohibition."

And ever he seemed busier than he was.
—Chaucer.

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